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# WAITING.

I know it will not be to-day;
I know it will not be to-morrow:
Oh, half in joy and half in sorrow;
I watch the slow swift hours away;
I bid them haste, then hid them sta;
I long so for the coming day.

I long so I would rather wait; in hour to see the unseen comer; in hour turns ripe in secret summer. The joys which I anticipate. Oh, precious feet, come slow, come late! I long so, it is bliss to wait!

Ah, sweet sad life, so far to-day!
Ah, sweet sad life, so near to-morrow!
Can joy be joy when we miss sorrow?
When earth's last sun has rolled away
In tideless time, and we can say
No more "Mo-morrow," or "To-day?"

The night is cold, the moon is ringed With hazy prophecy of snow, And frozen lies the outer world; But in my heart is summer. The fire burns low, the light is dim:

I know not solitude or chill;
For all the cold and sharlowy room
Melts into fragrant forest aisles,
And meadows honey-sweet with bloom.

Because—because I feel a Rose, Steeped in the sunlight of the south, Red petaled, sweet, and veivet soft, Yet lingering upon my mouth.

And never solitude or chill Can enter into humblest re Can enter into humblest room There such a Rose but comes to touch And thrill a lifetime with its bloom.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND. The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand,
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
sees shostly visions; fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And from the might
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal While yet I journey through this weary land, Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand: Quickly and straight Lead to sleaven's gate Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way; yet thy command,
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand,
Then safe and blest
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt And fear, and danger compass me about. so, and danger compass me about,
soppress me sore. I cannot stand
ne. O. Father, take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have born
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand
And, reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

## A GENTLEWOMAN OF THE OLD

She dwelt, I know not where, nor read If lay her limbs on downy bed,
Nor if on dainties rare she fed,
Or a frugal diet.
To but a few her worth was known;
She ever lived among her own,
And dreaded not to be alone;
Her name was "Quiet."

heart was teeming.

Her dress you would not care to see;

Her talk now sober was, now gay, But little did she find to say Upon her neighbor's faults. The way To life immortal, She oft surmised, was rough to all;

Her manners I could scarce define;
No studied grace had she; to shine
Among her peers was ne'er her line,
On pure thoughts feeding;
And yet a subtle power had she,
Which few could e'er withstand—the free,
Strong bond of Christian courtesy,
And highest breeding.

To her all living things were dear;
The leveret at her call drew near;
The squirret haif forgot its fear,
'Neath her caressing;
And sweet birds caroled out their lay
And lambkins round her feet would p
Submissive to her gentle sway,
And timely blessing.

she read and thought—and yet no rage
Had she for controversal page,
The hollow clamor of the age,
She joined not in it.
Some scorned—and she would pity these;
Some doubted with deflant ease;
She sought the truth upon her knees,
Nor failed to win it!

And think not that she failed to find Some pastimes suited to her mind;
Well could she mingle with her kind
For genial pleasure;
Her voice rose clear in round or glee,
In dance the sprightliest aye was she
With courser fleet, o'er moorland free.

She had her love tale, it was said;
But her calm reticence forbade
To probe her woman's heart, and staid
Rade eyes for prying,
All wifely instincts she might own,
Though love were fettered on the throne,
And Honor ceased, when Worth had flow
And Faith lay dying.

A true, yet artless woman she;
Her mirth ne'er sank to levity—
Her's was the grace which chivalry
Could feel and honor.
Her eyes sought not the tale of shame,
Her girthood's blush unbidden came,
Should flippant tongue its light jests frame
And thrust upon her.

In those old days Eve's daughters fair,

Than love, nor care to slacken speed

If this be so, then, as is meet, We sip the bitter with the sweet, The face of Change we bow to greet, As wisdom's flat. Yet tender shooghts of thee we have, And shumbly here permission crave,

# CELIE.

[CONTINUED.]

BY GEORGE SAND

HE idea that this unknown person should have the andacity to introduce himself before our eyes into the presence of Mile.

# PAINESVILLE JOURNAL.

A FAMILY PAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND GENERAL NEWS.

PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

"Home to Thanksgiving."

"Home to Thanksgiving."

"Inaksgiving, and what was to be done quickly. Hannah considerable with the confortable part of the ally taken for a kind of filibuster who had a hand in some affairs of the United States in the South; but there are fools everywhere who are dazzled by impudence, and in general the women love these blackguards. M. le Marquis then had a success at Etretat, a scandalous success, as you can easily believe. He had the flower of the cocottes, the flower —or the drugs!—but, while throwing them bank-notes with one hand, he abused them with the other, and affected to despise them and to seek some more honeyed adventurers. He did his best to compromise certain ladies of fashion, and eceived oglings from more than one. He received something else beside; he got a slap in the face from a certain hus-band, whom he fought with and wounded, for he fights very well, it seems. Who wouldn't be a husband of a fine lady, to be forced to be laid up by a gennan of the highway! This adventure obliged the handsome marquis to leave Etretat. It was time for me, for he played upon my nerves so with his insont patronizing air that I had a longing ten times a day to prick him like a soapbubble. And now here he is, trying to compromise Mile. Merquem, that is evident. He'll have his labor for his pains; she's not one of that style. Ah, the dev-

"Ah! but you're a fellow of excellent sense, Stephen!" I exclaimed; "we must not look like amateurs, we two; we would have no right to assume to be the champions of her whom they attack in a

"Exactly, you've hit it!" answered Stephen, whom I began to like thoroughly, and who was quite at ease with me, as he saw that I entered into his language

as a painter knows how." He took the comb, and arranged my beard and hair to please himself. I begged him to make haste, for I was impatient to return to Celie before the pretended marquis came

out of his companion's room.
"Now, see!" said Stephen, presenting me with a piece of a mirror; "you can show yourself now; you are no longer a gentleman, and you're not the worse for

was assisting in the operation with the dition. The marquis, however, did not spoke of him as an inferior, calling him a poor devil, and having no hesitation to

most presumptuous self-possession. Ste phen had sketched his portrait for me and metalic, his look icily impudent, and with this there was a certain restlessnes which seemed to reveal at times a bitter

sense of secret disgrace. His costume that of a Norman peasant, was ridiculous; but he thought it a success, for

I must have been admirably disguised, for M. Bellac did not recognize me, even when one of the young men who were rubbing the sick man conscientiously with all their might, pointing to me, had the man who saved your comrade and yourself, for without him it would have been all over with both of you."

well believe. There was some pulling down there! What was it you did my saved, and was glad enough to take the about it. I am staving at Michael's

Come and see me soon.' I did not honor him with any answer, and begged young William, in a whis-per not to tell him my name, and then ran off to rejoin Mile. Merquem, while stephen went to warn the whole house deman before the two strangers.

company with Stephen. She was talking with the sailors who remained upon the beach. On seeing me, she dismissed them with a collective "Good evening,"

she said, addressing Stephen and myself. and we cannot refuse. When we return gether. The humanitarian philosophy "I adore it?" I answered; "nothing is too solemn to express the happiness of eating with you. Do you know that this will be the first time?"

poor Sunday collations,"
"Ambrosial collations for M. de Mon troger who adores sherbet; but for me

"That you never are—you will have turn over a new leaf. What is it?" "I want to keep Thanksgiving-really keep it John, as we never have since we were married."
"How is that?"

"How, Hannah, how? I don't see ouddings, and turkies and chickens, and "Why—yes, my son,

"I know, John, it would be pretty one. I have been thinking it over and over, and am quite sure, if you don't

"Yes I would ask every one,"

his wife soothingly; "he has that, and you have your mother, and I am sure she is worth all that ever was dug; and "Never mind the expense dear mother, you know you wouldn't for the whole we have planned it all, and by being world change places with Sam this careful, and doing without a few things

is Susan, who hasn't a home in the wide world, and has to go to the ministers to pose we have the baby baptised, as the minister will be here; and there is Jane's child, just about Bessie's age, and mother never has seen it. We'll have that christened, too; and perhaps

shall be groom's man, and our Martha

herself. It had been her design to un-fold her wishes one by one to her husband, as she thought him interested in her, and prepared for them, but having

all summer, and I made up my mind that, if God blessed us with health, spared our lives, and brought us in a plentiful harvest, that when the time plentiful harvest, that when the time mother's confidante respecting Thanksshow yourself now; you are no longer a gentleman, and you're not the worse for that. For my part, I don't need any change to look like a lout; beside, I our seven children, and an old all our seven children, and an old all our seven children, and an old all our seven children, and an old any painter who was not likely to compromise any heiress. Come; let us flud out as we pass if the sick man is likely to die or get well, and then go down straightten of the farm had never been the conceal who I am. They saw mate a thousand plans for bringing it about. It is astonishing in how many ways children of that age, or even much younger, may be not only comforts, but all been taken of it by the graan relation to whome it had gone. The little arts of self sacrifice which Martha was daily performing, and been taken of it by the graan relation to whome it had gone. The little arts of self sacrifice which Martha was daily performing, and which, though they did not appear and shout. It is astonishing in how many ways children of that age, or even much all been traken of it by the graan relation to whome it had gone. The little arts of it a kind word, and performing, and will be the weed in the little arts of the same, the bride of the scene. Not a had been taken of it by the graan relation to whome it had gone. The little arts of it is not the little and an an index of the letter to Uncle Sam, in Boston, has not been neglected, though it is composition and chirography, had cost poor was almost an outcast.

Grandmother, was the life of the scene. Not a lattle of the scene. No help the poor man! I feel as if I could not help myself, to any purpose again—still, we always have kept Thanksgiving, and I always mean to."

Were of great importance, and what is better yet, were forming her own mind and heart to a standard of generous, high toned self-devotion; a freedom from selfishnes, at once the passport and the gire to air.

Since the breakfast of that morning, which such an occasion alone can give: selfishnes, at once the passport and the gire to air.

Since the breakfast of that morning, which such an occasion alone can give: draw once more of that fount of love missed him, and his father needed him, which had opened upon them with their ing, and I always mean to."

Yes, but, John, I want, for mother's sake, to keep a regular old New England Thanksgiving, such as my grandlend mother used to tell about. You know mother is very old and feeble, and may never live to see another. Let us ask all the family here—children, grandchildren, grandch

the family here—children, grandeniidren and great grandehildren."

"Why, Hannah. are you crazy?
There is forty or more of them, all told!"

"Well, its no matter if there are fifty;
I have no relations in the world, you khow; and mother would so enjoy it."

Like the search was a solute the parents what she had done to lessen the expected expenses. But Mrs. Norton's watchful eye had long since noticed the sacrifice that Martha was making, and had not only divined the cause, but as far as it was possible she had aided her. She had, however, refrained from making Martha was that she had discover. "But where could you get anything ing Martha aware that she had discover-for them to eat?" ed her secret, for she wished her to have "Oh! I will engage to give them a the pleasure of making it known to her. And a joyful surprise it was to all the first rate dinner, and that, too, without diminishing very much from our own family, when one morning after breakfast Mr. Norton inquired of his mother, fast Mr. Norton inquired of his mother,

always do that, and I hope you always will, so long as your old mother is with you," answered the grandmother.

No one spoke; so middle of the kitches ton no longer able to keep still, "we mean a great Thanksgiving, a regular "But only think of the folks! You would not ask Sam down from the city, would you?" they will all be your children. We mean

"All-all, Hannah!" stammered the "Yes, Sam's, and Joe's, and Henry's, and Martha's, and Betsey's, and Jane's families—and——"

saying, ne united the paper from that part of the basket through which he had kept the "drum sticks" with great difficulty, from obtruding into sight, and drew forth as fine and for the same for the

bride's maid. She is almost fifteen, you laughing, "and first, my good Martha! your mother has known what you have been doing all summer; and grandsoul. She loved the words of her gentle mother's approbation, and she loved, too, the smile of pleasure which lit up the faded eye of hear dear old grandmother. The children all looked wonderingly at her; and Edward a fine boy of thirteen, with a too of his couls from his branch.

tives in the laborious task of keeping "a real New England Thanksgiving."

Martha was the eldest child, now nearly lifeten years old, and as there were six younger, she had always been accustomed from a child to "taking care."

The mother depended very much upon her, she consulted her in little arrangements, and would have felt as if a great which had yengured to alight upon the sum of the cardle, and its white-robed occupant, with whom they had so often romped, in the full freedom of childish glee, seemed places at a distance from them; and they sat upon their footstools, around grandmother, and looked up in her well loved face with a feeling of reverence stealing into the cradle, and its white-robed occupant, with whom they had so often romped, in the full freedom of childish glee, seemed places at a distance from them; and they sat upon their footstools, around grandmother, and looked up in her well loved face with a feeling of reverence stealing into the cradle, and its white-robed occupant, with whom they had so often romped, in the full freedom of childish glee, seemed places at a distance from them; and they sat upon their footstools, around grandmother, and looked up in her well loved face with a feeling of reverence stealing into the cradle, and its white-robed occupant, with whom they had so often romped, in the full freedom of childish glee, seemed places at a distance from them; but the cradle, and its white-robed occupant, with whom they had so often romped, in the full freedom of childish glee, seemed places at a distance from them; and they sat upon their footstools, around grandmother, and looked up in her well loved face with a feeling of very much upon ber, she consulted her in little arrangements, and would have felt as if a great with a feeling of the cradle, and its white-robed occupant, with whom they had so often romped, in the full freedom of childish glee, seemed places at a distance from them; and there are well over the arrangement of the cradle, and its white-robed occupant, with the

be found; and just as they were becoming quite impatient at his delay, there was a soft tap at the back door, which Martha's listening ear immediately caught. It made a good deal of commotion, for it was much earlier than any of the visitors were expected, and the holiday dresses were not yet put on; but quickly smoothing her already smooth hair, Martha opened the door.

There stood Edward. His cap was thrown back, exposing to full view the happiest, handsome face his mother thought she had ever seen; and hand-like they many of them were, not a heart among them all, but into it stole light and warmth from the family altar.

"Mother! you bear age well!" said her first born. "See!" he continued, as he laid his own grey head, as he used to do when a boy, upon her knee, "did you down hair, Martha opened the door.

There stood Edward. His cap was thrown back, exposing to full view the happiest, handsome face his mother thought she had ever seen; and hand-like? Nuts, too! Upon my word, a grand hoax! Sweet potatoes. A little keg of some-thing. Slowly there. Grapes—white grapes, Ah! and here is something more solid—black silk—enough for a down a boy, upon her knee, "did you down a boy, upon her knee, "did you down a boy, upon her knee, "did you down have, a grapes, Ah! and here is something more solid—black silk—enough for a down here, at the very bottom, is—a letter."

"God has been very merciful to me, my son," said the old lady, with a tremulous voice. "He has spared me many lows of them were, not a heart among them all, but into it stole light and warmth from the family altar.

"Mother! you bear age well!" said her first born. "See!" he continued, as he laid his own grey head, as he used to down here. "Grapes—white grapes, Ah! and here is something more solid—black silk—enough the down here. The particular than a spared work and here is something more solid—black silk—enough the laid his own grey head, as he

happiest, handsome face his mother thought she had ever seen; and handmaying succeeded in an attempt to make others happy. Upon his arm he carried a large basket; it was a very large one, and he stood bent over as if he lifted it with difficulty.

ner reeble hand upon his head, "He ha has spared me to see you all together once, and to give to you, in His name, my blessing."

"And to hear us all arise and a "" were lighted up with that greatest of all beautifiers—a happy consciousness of having succeeded in an attempt to make

No one spoke; so marching into the middle of the kitchen, he put his basket down upon the table and said: "Good morning, grandmother! a happy Thanks-giving to you! And good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Norton! I have come to spend the day with you, and for fear you might not have dinner enough for such a hungry boy as I am, I have brought a twelve pound turkey with me!" So saying, he untied the paper from that "Why, Hannah!" interrupted the ever lived and grew to grace a Thanks-

"Why, Hannah!" interrupted the giving table.

"Why, Hannah!" interrupted the giving table.

"Grandmother, a flush of emotion and pleasure passing over her face, such as it had not known for years. "It would swife soothingly; "he has that, and beat you all out to have so many, besides our goose would do as well as turkey. was it? I, for one, never suspected you."
"Nor I," said his mother, with proud smile, "though I have wondered about it a great deal; and now we have we shall have a nice supper just as you everything that heart can wish, and "No, that's true! only one would like used to in old times, and I am sure if thanks to our good children for a great

be married. We will have her here, and the wedding shall be where grand-mother is; and now I think of it: Supmembers of the family, the breakfast members of the family, the breakfast and her money that she had saved for "And now my children," said the mother, as they all flocked around her "you have each one, something to do to help get ready. Your father is poor you know. And you are hearty little things to feed, and it costs so much to clother." said he, laying the wreath as gently as My heart yearns for that boy; he is just to feed, and it costs so inden to crothe the age of our Eddy; who knows but Eddy would have been as bad if he had been as bad if he had been thrown so on the world; if you been thrown so on the world; if you "What shall I do? and I? and I?" mean like a good sister as she is?"

"She looks like a bride," said the grandmother, taking off her spectacles and wiping them. "We ain't a going and wiping them. "We ain't a going to have a wedden here, are we, John?" And the old lady smiled a knowing daresay is's Susan, poor child, she basn't a home anywhere. And there, shouldn't wonder if the baby was goin' to be baptized, too." But grand-mother kept her own counsel, and was she insisted on knowing, " Where in the

rows, with that onwonted freeness which such an occasion alone can give:

thought she had ever seen; and hand-some, truly, he was, for his fine features years after. He has taken away my usefulness. But," and here she place her feeble hand upon his head, "He ha

"Amen!" said the minister, who has just entered. "God's blessings attends those whose lives have been spent in his

This unexpected new comer produces off, and disclosed to the watching eyes Henry Lawson, the young blacksmith

known for some time as Susan's lover There was the silent hush of expecta was heard the low voice of those who be in truth what he would so love to be

But before the bustle of congratulation commenced, the pastor asked a few min utes more attention, and the two infants were presented for baptism—a ceremony very seldom performed out of church, out now granted in consequence of Mrs Norton's urgent solicitation, that the grandmother might be present on an occasion particulary interesting to her, as one of the children bore her own, and the other his grandmother's name.

regides certainly never flew faster, and her eyes were fixed upon the stove as if she discovered some new beauties in its familiar face; yet she had not spoken a word for a long time.

"Hannah!" he said at last, after yawning in an imploring way several times, to attract her attention, "isn't it time to go to bed?"

"Why, yes!" said his wife looking up; "only I wanted to talk with you, all little while, about a plan I have been morted the while, about a plan I have been while, about a plan I have been inthinking of for some time."

"Well, let's have it," said John, brightening.

"Well, let's have it," said John, brightening.

"I don't exactly like to tell you John. I am afraid you will think I am extraverage."

"That you never are—you will have were flew faster, and her her discovered some new beauties in its familiar face; yet she had not spoken a with colon grant the labor of her home in the first hour that her there is familiar face; yet she had not spoken a word for a long time.

"That you never are—you will have were the about a plan I have been more of the manner of the pure of all the living."

So thought Mrs. Norton, and it had albred with cold and rain, and frosts, and to complete the resemblance, the child was to bear her husband; on the nore modern his harvest; but round and round the wheel turned, nor paused it even when his harvest; but round and round the wheel turned, nor paused it even when his harvest; but round and round the wheel turned, nor paused it even when his harvest; but round and round the wheel turned, nor paused it even when his harvest; but round and round the wheel turned, nor paused it even when a transmit of the cover, Susan, and to complete the resemblance, the child was to bear her husband. Said Mrs. Norton and it was the resemblance, the child was to bear her husband in the pay husband on the dour and not und the wheel turned, nor paused it even when a transmit and now to change a little while about a plan I have been more of whith what a feeling amounting almost of welding c "Take off the cover, Susan, and never | Wednesday evening.

ward." Off flew the cover, in much less time than was taken to put it on, and there appeared nothing but paper and Trainor's house at Little Rock, early on

bill dropped on the floor.

Martha saw it, and picking it up, exclaimed—"Twenty dollars!" taking any notice of her, Edward com-

My Dear Mother-1 am afraid voi think your son Samuel has forgotten you, because it is so long since he has been being one of you, but I have so many cares and so much business, that I can-Thanksgiving dinner. I enclose also twenty dollars, to buy some little comforts you may like, and a new silk dress for my sister Hannah, John's wife, who, I understand, is very kind to you.
"Thank my little niece Martha—for

little I suppose she is—for her pretty let-ter. I send her a merino dress, and the she shall see fit. "Hoping you will all have a very mer

Edward flourishing the twenty dollar bill over his head. "Three cheers for the Boston mer-"Not so boisterous, my boy," said his

Poor old lady. It was almost too much grateful remembrance, to this last family Thanksgiving, with the dear old

## A WOMAN GOES FOR KING THEO • DORE.

He may be what he says; but either the noblemen of his place are very bally educated, or her his not longer sure, lost brigand, by land or sea, who has made at the arm of all persons of sunse at tack as he taiked sea talk or profunity, what flag he had served, he was gener,

With the morning light came again the lost of ways and eaust that were to be ways and enough that were possibility. Her cane man, who has means that were not of his breakfast table," I could understone host of ways and enough that were host of ways and enough that were not of his baket the morning light came again the lost of ways and enough that were host of ways and enough that were host of ways and enough that were not of his baket the moblemen of his place are very bally educated, or her is and the most of ways and enough that were host of ways and enough that were not of his breakfast table," I could outle host of ways and enough that were host of ways and enough that were to be whom the stending his father's boat, for the old host of ways and enough that were host of ways and enough that were host of ways and enough that were not of the man. And on we came the roasting of the turn brigand, by land or sea, who has made to be wish was placed before him. But for he was that the goth was placed before him. But for her was the head on the other was a busy mind more weighted down to stream the most of the man. And on we are then entering light came again the lost of ways and enought. When was placed before him. But for her was the fell ways of him deating the host of ways and enough. And the wish was placed of the man were not of the man.

And now came the roasting of the turn between the mosting of the turn bright was placed before him. But for her was the first was placed before him. But for her was the first was placed before him. But for her was the head on the other was the head the word of his breakfast table. The was man dead the word of his breakfast table. The host of was that the most of the turn between the most of the time. And

NUMBER 20.

"Paradise Lost" has been published in

A young son of Gen. James C. Veach, was accidently shot and killed while hunting, near Rockport.

his throat cut. He is supposed to have been murdered. Off Newberne, North Carolina, the teamer Mary E. Sanford has been

y sentenced to three years in the New York State prison, and a fine of fifteen thousand dollars, to stand committed till Mrs. Kern, of Germantown, Ohio, while boiling soap, on Saturday, had a

fit and fell in the fire, burning herself so frightfully that it is thought she cannot ecover. Deputy United States Marshal McGaffy arresting Joel Baber, charged with ealing in counterfeit money, at Celina,

cut and bruised. Saturday morning, of \$100,000 and some silver. The police gobbled them and ing in contact with one of the disputants' silver. The police gobbled them and they will be tried on Monday.

One burglar concealed himself in the upper part of the building in the daytime d admitted his confederates during the

watchmaker, 86 Nassau street, New York, left his store in charge of a boy aged fourteen. During his absence three men entered, tied the boy's legs, forced a gag into his mouth and robbed the store of two thousand dollars worth of watches the Union Pacific Railroad was run over

and the flesh but slightly cut. He was the nervous shock.

ager of Crosby's Opera House, attempted suicide on Saturday evening at about five o'clock, at Bachelder's restaurant, finally wound up. 414 State street, Chicago, by himself with a revolver. The ball en-tered his left breast but did not penetrate leep enough to inflict a morta He was not seriously injured. Domestic

he celebrated billiard player, were on Saturday afternoon found under the cated, and refused to make his escape when urged by a friend to do so, declaring that he was not afraid of being burned. His body was recognized by the senteleons below the sent

burned. His body was recognized by the pantaloons he had on.

At Springfield, Ohio, on Sunday noon, a man named W. L. Brown, from Zanesfield, Logan county, shot himself in a hall at the Lagonda House. He died instantly. He arrived there on the 13th stantly. He arrived there on the 13th nst., and registered at the Murray House. Since that time he had been crazed. It is said that he is respectably connected in Logan county. The Odd

street on his way home, he was street on his way home, he was met by two men, one of whom struck him a blow in the face with a slung shot, blinding him temporarily slung shot, blinding him temporarily, their pockets, and urged them to "bring and felling him to the pavement. While he was in this semi-unconscious condition, his assailants "went through" his pockets, abstracting from them \$145 and some papers of value. The thieves, after securing the 'Squire's effects, made their cape, and no clue has yet been had to A wretch using the name of

marks of violence, which appeared to have been caused by something besides the flames. The features were rendered them as a regular profession. unrecognizable, and the hair was burned close to the head, leaving the skull bare Express says a most singular phenomeand horribly crisped, and black flesh dropping from the hands, arms and body.

l inch. | \$1.00 | \$2.00 | \$3.50 | \$5.25 | \$8.00 | \$12.00 2 ·· | 1.75 | 5.00 | 5.25 | 7.00 | 12.00 | 17.00 3 ·· | 2.50 | 4.00 | 6.00 | 8.50 | 18.00 | 22.00 4 " | 3.25 | 5.00 | 7.00 | 10.00 | 17.00 | 98.00 | 3.75 | 5.50 | 8.75 | 11.00 | 18.50 | 32.00 col. | 4.50 | 7.00 | 10.00 | 14.00 | 22.00 | 37.50 \* | 5.25 | 8.00 | 12.00 | 16.50 | 25.00 | 45.00 | 8.00 | 12.50 | 16.50 | 21.00 | 35.00 | 65.00 " | 10.50 | 16.00 | 23.00 | 35.00 | 55.00 | 95.00 " | 12.00 | 20.00 | 30.00 | 47.50 | 75.00 | 130.00 Business notices in local columns will be charged for at the rate of 15 cents per line for first insertion and eight cents per line for each sub-

THE PAINESVILLE JOURNAL

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE. | 1 w. | 3 w. | 6 w. | 3 m. | 6 m. | 19 m.

Business cards \$1.25 per line per annum.
Yearly advertisers discontinuing their advertisements before the expiration of their contracts will be charged according to the above rates.
Transient advertisements must invariably be paid for in advance. Regular advertisements to be paid at the expiration of each quarter.

## MELANGE.

Huers of wood-house painters. Flat fashioned-Lying on your back. Vegetable philosophy-Sage advice. Risky concerns-Insurance companies. Coming to grief-Meeting trouble half

Light employment—building castles in

The grandest verse in existance-The The old English turfmen are going under-the turf.

Cool proceeding--An ice man cloping with a nice girl. It is easier for a man to be engaged

than too engaging. It is no uncommon thing for hot words o produce a coolness.

The Mississippi is on a rise for the first ime since the fall began. A Louisville seven-year-old boy drank quart of whisky and died. Alpine climbing at dangerous seasons f the year is to be forbidden. A St. Louisian who died worth \$20,000,

Hebrew blank verse in Austria. A mad ox exalted his horn and brought low sundry Nashvilians. Coburn and Mace will interview each other at New Orleans on the 30th. It is a mistake to suppose that the sun supported in the heavens by its beams.

stricken wretch" involves a suit for \$20,-What is the easiest way for a bad rider

To call a North Carolinian "a poverty

Mr. Barney Aaron is looking with pugilistic intent after the man who hung him to a lamp-post A Schenectady infant terribly exclaim-

A Hartford lady screamed when she found she was trying to eat a mouse by mistake for a doughnut. A Wisconsin lover felt so bad at being iilted that he sent the girl some candy flavored with croton oil.

Just because an organ factory burned up, the Milwankee News said "the burning breath of the fiend is upon us." Two shades of Clabber Alley, St. Lonis, had a duet with knife accompaniment, and one was wounded to his hurt. An Illinoisan who reproved his mother with a spade was paid for his untilial

The King of Dahomey attended a grand feast the other day, wearing a quantity of druggists' labels as ornaments In a dispute at Charleston, an unof-

et a voung woman take the degree of

down, they declare that Tweed is like the Black Sea, because he is not the Boss-

A rural paper remarks: "Cold nights have put a stop to gate sparking. If she

When Horace Greeley is asked what the measure."

Avoid argument with ladies. In spin-

A noble red man drank fire-water to excess, planted his wigwam on a Minesota railroad, and soon departed to the hap-Men are frequently like tea, the rea

An unsophisticated parent in Ports-mouth, N. H., observed with pain that his first born had no teeth, and hastened toremedy the 'deformity' by purchasing a fifteen-dollar set of molars, which he

Dorman B. Eaton, the lawyer in New York who was struck down by an assassin over a year ago at his own door, was last heard from a few days ago in South-

# VOLUME I.

MY ROSE.

il, no! she is a good girl and a true, who carries her heart in her hand. She spoke to me a few moments ago so handsomely-I like her now, and he musn't come spreading himself too near her. I see that you think the same, of course; we must not let the people of La Canielle have the honor and pleasure of showing respect to her without taking part in it respect to her without taking part in its ourselves. Dress yourself as a peasant for the fun of it, my boy; and, instead of washing your hands let the pitch stay there that has stained them."

mask. Let us be plain sailors of La Ca-nielle and give, if necessary, a good country thrashing to these make-believe countrymen."

"Then," he added, "let me set you out

say in a rather haughty tone that he was only ill of fear. He was, perhaps, his valet de chambre.

The stranger expressed himself in well. He was handsome, well made, and as unpleasing as possible. His accent was vulgar, the sound of his voice harsh

though drenched to the bone, he would fire of fagots, which filled the room with

The marquis lifted his eyes to me with-out moving from the chair on which he "It is you?" he said; "upon my word I had not noticed your face, as you may friend? I saw my idiot of a comrade

good Stephen understood that I was madv in love with Celie, and that in case of quarrel on her account I would not vish at any price to appear as a happy

and re-entered the room which served

apples and nuts. Why, its impossible; where could they all come from?"

Hannah; "but it is five years last August since he has even sent to enquire for his old mother; so I don't think there is much probability that he will come, or any of his proud family." "The more shame for him." answered John, waxing a little warm, "to neg-lect his poor old mother, and he rolling

see him a little more kind to his poor

"Oh stop! Hannah—stop!" exclaimed John. "you will frighten me to death! have you been making this plan for one, or two years, that you get it all cut and dried so?"

Hannah had indeed quite forgotten

A rich blush passed over Martha's face and a gleam of sunlight into her

"How is that?"

"I've been thinking it over and over ments, and would have felt as if a great speck that had ventured to alight upon the well rubbed furniture.

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"I've been thinking it over and over ments, and would have felt as if a great speck that had ventured to alight upon the well

"Why-yes, my son, you know we

there was ever a family who ought thank God for his goodness to them, it is we, for his having spared you so long to little bashful, and lifting a paper carefully from the bottom of his basket, broke up.
"And now my children," said the mother, as they all flocked around her we could induce poor James to come. know. And you are hearty little things My heart yearns for that boy; he is just to feed, and it costs so much to clothe

Susan's own and only brother. He shall be groom's man, and our Martha "Well, one at a time," said the mother

quite a sensation around the room. which her eyes were overflowing, and said almost aloud, "I knew it; I knew something was going to happen; but where is Martha? and Susan? and there is James, poor boy! I thought they said he was to be here." But the arrival of the clergyman seemed to be only the sig-nal for other expected new comers. In a moment very merry bells were heard jingling up to the door, a stylish buf

utes, evidently of preparation, the door was swung back, and a party, the bridal character of which there was no mis-takeing, entered. Quietly and solemnly they arranged themselves before the min ister, and when all was hushed in si lence, the short, simple ceremony wa quickly performed, and a prayer from pious lips invoked heaven's blessings up on the newly married pair. Susan nov no longer a homeless orphan, with a blush of happiness upon her cheek, and a tear of joy in her eye, claimed in a whisper, "that Henry should share her place in her grandmother's heart, and real grandchild."

touched most nearly the old ladys heart—the bride, entering upon the new, untried portion of her orphan life—or the lit-tle ones just launching their barks upon that sea, the haven of which she had zo nearly reached. Certain it is, she wept, Typer who alones sherbest; but for my and any and the my and the state this unknown person and the state of the many and the state of the my and the my and the state of the my and the my and

during the more substantial course of worst of the crimes you say you, intend left his children only \$1 apiece.

"It's a hoax!" said Mrs. Norton, silver. Edward, who had been pulling up the

from one thing to another, that no one had either time or the wish to interrupt him; so he went on now, breaking the seal to the letter, and as he opened it, a

down to see you, or has written to you; but indeed I have not, and I wish much I could run down, and see you altogethnot be spared even for a few days; but with my wife and childrens help, I have packed up a little box which I hope may come in season to add something to your

ry Thanksgiving dinner, I remain, Your affectionate dutiful son, For a few minutes the company looked from one to another with surprise. At Fellows have taken charge of his remains. length Bannah said: ever was done."
"Three cheers for uncle Sam!" cried

"Act so boisterous, myboy," said his mother gently; but too late.
"Three cheers for Sam, and three more for our grand old New England Thanksgiving Day," shouted an excited uncle. "Long life to the festival, and many returns of it to our dear old mother. Your every deserved it moves!" mother. None ever deserved it more! of joy for her; and her pale face soon checked all noisy mirth. Hearty but gentle, were the remaining pleasures and at an early hour they separated.

Not one but was better and happier for the social pleasures thus enjoyed; and when, upon the next Thanksgivin Day, the old arm chair stood vacant in the corner, not one but looked back with

of Evansville, aged about eighteen years, to show himself off? To get on a spirited horse. At a grand dinner in Berlin, Germany, The body of a man was found at West the waiters got drunk and mobbed the Philadelphia, on Monday morning, with guests.

burned at sea, together with the greater part of her cargo. No lives were lost. ed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had coppertoed teeth like yours." Arthur X. Breed, a forger, was Mon-

Ohio, on Thursday, was attacked by two conduct by prolonged incarceration. prothers named Brandon, and severely

the jewelry store of T. & S. Franks was hope in due time to be entitled to that of robbed of \$20,000 worth of watches, etc. A. M. At noon on Saturday, Harry A. Caiger,
At noon on Saturday, Harry A. Caiger,
conldn't find a word in the dictionary,
telephlasted book hadn't got an

better quit. the Union Pacific Railroad was run over on Wednesday, four wheels passing over husband's beer, thinking it was arsenic, his legs. It was found that the bones of and was surprised because it didn't stiff the legs were neither mashed nor broken en him. taken to the hospital, but died that even- kind of music he prefers, he answers: ing. He is supposed to have died from "The song of the harvest; three beats to

wound. py hunting-grounds. strength and goodness are not properly drawn out of them until they have been for a short time in hot water. A Dutchman has got off the best thing ruins of the Chicago Tribune building on the New York Orange-Hibernian IIe was seen on the morning of the fire in front of the building, somewhat intoxi-

'em right up to de pulpit," and he would "offer 'em a sacrifice to de Lord." It was escape, and no clue has yet been had to them.

A wrecen using the name of "Eilen, sent to the editor of a Hudson, N. Y... paper a poem entitled "A Broken Heart," and he published it. His name is Weber, and then poured kerosene on her and set fire to it. She was literally rounted to death. The holy was still respect to death. The holy was still before the same of "Eilen, sent to the editor of a Hudson, N. Y... paper a poem entitled "A Broken Heart," and he published it. His name is Weber, and he was much surprised and pained to find the next day that the poem was an aerostic, which, when spelled out the paper of the property of the paper of the pap roasted to death. The body was still burning when found, and presented a sickening sight. There were also other that office is hardly large enough to in-